

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLIII.--NO. 15.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 17, 1910.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,552.

## The Mercury.

### The New District Lists

The new voting lists for the State election have just been printed at the Mercury Office and will be posted today by City Sergeant Westcott in compliance with law. In order to have these lists ready for posting today a great deal of extra work was necessitated both at the office of City Clerk Fullerton and in the printing department of this office. Mr. Fullerton could not take any steps to prepare his lists until after the representative council had decided what it would do to the matter of making the ward lines conform to the district lines, and when it was at last found that the council would do nothing, and that it would not only be necessary to have the five representative districts but also five voting districts within them, it meant a great hustle to do the necessary work to get the lists ready for posting on the appointed day.

The lists as printed and ready for posting present a peculiar and unusual appearance. The first and fifth representative districts are not divided but every resident of each of those districts may vote at the same polling place. The second representative district contains two voting districts, the second comprising that part that was taken from the first ward, and added to the second. The third representative district has three voting districts, the second comprising that part that was taken from the first ward and the third the part that was taken from the second ward. The fourth representative district also has three voting districts, the second comprising that part taken from the third ward, and, the third the part taken from the fifth ward.

These voting districts vary greatly in size, varying from 1108 names in the first precinct of the second representative district to 58 names in the third precinct of the fourth representative district. The total number of names on all the voting lists at the present time is 5013, but this includes a number of duplicates which will be struck off after the last day for paying personal property taxes when the final canvass is made by the board of assessors.

The number of names on the various voting lists is as follows: First, representative district—real, 242; personal, 330; registry, 160; total, 732. Second, representative district—Voting district No. 1: real, 473; personal, 443; registry, 232; total, 1198; voting district No. 2: real, 53; personal, 106; registry, 58; total, 217; total for the second representative district, 1415.

Third representative district—Voting district No. 1: real, 229; personal, 300; registry, 277; total, 906. Voting district No. 2: real, 52; personal, 81; registry, 42; total, 175. Voting district No. 3: real, 23; personal, 25; registry, 10; total, 58; total for the fourth representative district, 1226.

Fifth representative district—real, 373; personal, 461; registry, 164; total, 1001.

### Newport Forts

The Rhode Island Commissioners to the Perry Victory Centennial meeting in Put-in-Bay, Ohio, were cordially received on Saturday, September 10, the 97th anniversary of that great battle. Preparations were there made to suitably commemorate the event with a lasting memorial, and three years hence to have a great celebration of the hundredth anniversary. Rhode Island and especially Newport has a great interest in this affair, for Newport not only furnished the hero, but one hundred and fifty officers and men who fought the battle under Perry. There were in that fleet many men whose names are well remembered by our people. The officers from Newport included the fleet surgeon Dr. Usher Parsons, Captain Turner, Taylor, Champlin, Almy, Breeze and Brownell. No celebration of this great event will be complete without Newport having a prominent part in it.

By the will of Mrs. Sarah T. Zabriskie, died for probate in this city this week, there are a number of public and private bequests, but the bulk of the property is left to her daughter, Ethel Zabriskie. Among the public bequests there is one of \$1000 to the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist, and another of the same amount to the Berkeley Memorial Chapel of St. Coloma in Middletown. All the servants in her employ and many personal friends are remembered in the will by substantial amounts.

The annual conclave of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., will be held next Wednesday evening, when officers for the ensuing year will be elected. The Commandery is making great preparations for its five days' trip to New York, via Boston, Albany, the Hudson River, etc. The members and their ladies to the number of 75 or more will start on the trip October 6th.

At the regular monthly meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held with Mrs. A. C. Lauders on Tuesday evening, the resignation of Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne as vice regent of the chapter, was presented and was accepted with regret.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1793, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed paper in the United States. It is a quarterly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting news—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Specified copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WASTON, No. 620, Knights of America—John D. Clegg, Chief Ranger; Joseph Jones, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11)—President, Mrs. B. Cass; Secretary, Miss M. M. Dennehy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempstead. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS GAGE, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Bold; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REEDWON LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor/Commander; Robert S. Fruin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney H. Harvey, J. W. Schuver, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OSA, No. 163—John Yale, Vice-President; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order of Odd Fellows—John Louis Ladd, President; Louis W. Krueck, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

### Local Matters.

#### Perry Victory Centennial.

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### School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee, the first since the schools closed in June, was held on Monday evening, three of the members of the committee being absent from the meeting on account of being out of the city. A number of important matters came up and the meeting was rather long.

Three residents of the lower section of the city, Messrs. John B. Urquhart, James E. Boud, and Robert Carter, were present to advocate a petition that had been sent to the committee requesting that the Parish school be retained, instead of being closed, as was decided upon at the last session of the committee.

The petition was read, and Mr. Urquhart was the first speaker.

He said that if the school is closed

the younger pupils will be obliged to

wait a year or two before they can

have the advantages of the public

school system as it is too far for them

to walk to Carey school. The Parish

school has done good work in the past

and he felt that it is still needed.

He believed that there would be twelve pupils who would use that school this

year if it was retained.

In response to a question, Mr. Luff gave the

reasons for closing the school, the items

of expense, the small number of

pupils and the poor indications of any

increase. The teacher is to be retained

in the open air school. No arrangements

had been made about transportation by those in the vicinity.

The school was closed at the

request of the parents.

Mr. Luff gave the reasons for closing the school, the items of expense, the small number of pupils and the poor indications of any increase. The teacher is to be retained in the open air school. No arrangements had been made about transportation by those in the vicinity.

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# The GOOSE

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S DOUTS.

GRETCHEN, troubled in heart and mind over the strange event of the night, walked slowly home. A footprint from behind caused her to start. The vintner took her roughly in his arms and kissed her many times. "Gretchen?"

She did not speak.

"What is it?"

"You ask?"

"What is it a crime, then, to jump out of the window?" He laughed.

Gretchen's face grew sterner. "Were you afraid?"

"For a moment, I have never run foul of the police. I thought perhaps we were all to be arrested."

"Perhaps you did not care to have the police ask you questions?"

"What is all this about?" He puffed her toward him so that he could look into her eyes. "What is the matter? Answer."

"Are you not a spy from Jugendheit?"

He flung aside her hand. "So! The first doubt that enters your ear finds harbor there. A spy from Jugendheit! That is a police suggestion, and you believed it!"

"Do you deny it?"

"Yes," proudly, snatching his hat from his head and throwing it violently at her feet—"yes, I deny it. I am not a spy from any country."

"I have asked you many questions," she replied, "but you are always laughing. It is a pleasant way to avoid answering."

The vintner saw himself at bay.

"Gretchen, I have committed no crime. But you must have proof. We will go to the police bureau and settle this doubt."

"When?"

"Now, tonight, while they are hunting for me."

"Forgive me," brokenly.

"I insist. This thing must be righted publicly."

"And I was thinking that the man I loved was a coward!"

"I am braver than you dream, Gretchen." And in truth he was, for he was about to set forth for the Ries' den and only amazing cleverness could extricate him. The police bureau was far away, but the distance was nothing to these healthy young people. It was Gretchen who drew back fearfully.

The subchief of the bureau received them with ill concealed surprise.

"I have learned that you are seeking me," said the vintner, taking off his cap.

"Immediately the subchief did not know what to say. This was out of the ordinary."

"You are not a native of Dresburg," he began.

"No, Herr! I am from Bavaria. You will find that my papers were presented two or three weeks ago."

The vintner's passports were produced. The subchief compared them



By HAROLD MacGRATH

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ret to her daughter. As they turned into the Krammerweg they almost ran into Carmichael.

"Herr Carmichael!" said Gretchen. "And what are you doing here this time of the night?"

"I am looking for a kind of ghost, a specter in black that leaves the justice early in the evening and returns late, whose destination has invariably been 40 Krammerweg."

The vintner started.

"My house?" cried Gretchen.

"Yours? Perhaps you can dispel this phantom?" said Carmichael.

"She was a lady who comes on a charitable errand. But now she will come no more. The object of her visits is gone," Gretchen answered sadly.

"My luck!" ruefully.

"Are you not afraid to walk about in this part of the town so late?" put in the vintner.

"Afraid? Of what? Thieves? Bah, my little man! I carry a sword like, had, moreover, I know how to use it tolerably well. Good night." And he swung along.

The vintner was not patient tonight.

"Who is this mysterious woman?"

"I am not free to tell you."

"Oh?"

"Leopold, what is the matter with you tonight? You act like a boy."

"I am wrong, Gretchen. You are right. Kiss me."

She liked the tone; she liked the kisses, too, though they hurt.

"Good night, my man!" she whispered.

"Good night, my woman! Tomorrow night at 8."

He turned and ran lightly and swiftly up the street.

From the opposite doorway a mountaineer, a carter, a butcher and a baker stepped cautiously forth.

"He heard something," said the mountaineer. "He has ears like rats for hearing. What a pretty picture!" cynically. "All the world loves a lover—sometimes. Touching scene!"

No one replied; no one was expected to reply. More than that, no one cared to count the fury which lay thinly disguised in the mountaineer's tones.

"Tomorrow night, you heard what he said. I am growing weary of this play. You will stop him on his way to yonder house. A closed carriage will be laid. Before he enters, remember. She watches him too long when he leaves. Fool!"

The quartet stood along in the darkness noiselessly and secretly.

The vintner had indeed heard something. He knew not what this noise was, but it was enough to set his heels to flying. His room held a cot, a table and two chairs. Out of the drawer in the table he took several papers and burned them. Ah! A patch of white paper just inside the door caught his eye. He fetched it to the embers. What he read forced the color from his cheeks, and his hands were touched with transient palor.

"The devil! What shall I do now?" he muttered.

What indeed should he do? Which way should he move? Carmichael, Carmichael! The vintner chuckled softly as he scribbled this note:

"If Herr Carmichael would learn the secret of No. 40 Krammerweg, let him attire himself as a vintner and be in the Krammerweg at 8 o'clock tonight."

"So there is a trap, and I am to beware of a mountaineer, a carter, a butcher and a baker? Thanks, Schatzstein, my friend, thanks! You are watching over me!"

Colonel von Wallenstein curled his mustaches. It was a happy thought that had taken him into the Aldergasse. This Gretchen had been haunting his dreams, and here she was coming into his very arms, as it were. Gretchen stopped, a cold shiver in her heart.

"Herr, I wish to pass."

"That is possible, Gretchen."

"Will you stand aside?"

"You haunt my dreams."

"That would be a pity."

"I am not going to let you pass till I have had a kiss."

"Will you let me be peacefully?"

"After the toll—after the toll."

Too late she started to run. He laughed and caught hold of her. With a supreme effort she freed herself and struck him across the face. Quicker as a flash she whirled around and ran up the street. The one hope for Gretchen now lay in the Black Eagle, and into the tavern she darted excitedly.

"Frau Bauer," she cried, "may I come behind your counter?"

Wolffenstein came in. His hand held against his stinging cheek, she told

# The GIRL

enough for the proprietress of the Black Eagle.

"Shame!" she cried. "She shall stay here all day," declared Frau Bauer decidedly.

"I can wait." The colonel made for the door. But there was a formidable bulk in the doorway.

"What is going on here, little goose girl?" asked the grizzled old man.

"Herr Colonel insulted me."

"Insulted you?" The colonel laughed boisterously. "Out of the way!" he snarled.

"He tried to kiss me," said Gretchen.

"The man who tries to kiss a woman against her will is always at heart a mountaineer."

The colonel seized the old man by the shoulder to push him aside. He put out one of his arms and clasped the colonel in such a manner that he gasped. He was in the clutch of a Carpathian bear.

"I will kill you for this!"

"So?" The old man thrust him back several feet without any visible exertion. He let his staff slide into his hand.

The colonel drew his saber and lunged toward his assailant. The old man laughed. He turned the thrust with his staff. Then the old man struck back. The saber rattled to the stone flooring. The vintner put his foot upon it.

On his part the colonel's blood suddenly coagulated.

"My sword," the colonel demanded.

"I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS!"

"I could have broken it half a dozen times. Here, take it. But be wise in the future and draw it only to the right."

Outside the old man laid his hand on the colonel's arm.

"You must never bother her again. Listen. You are Colonel von Wallenstein; you are something more besides."

"What do you infer?"

"I infer nothing. Now and then there happens strange leakage in the duke's affairs. The man is well paid. He is a gambler, and one is always reasonably certain that the gambler will be wanting money. Do you understand?"

"Who are you?"

"Who I am is of no present consequence. But I know who and what you are. If you behave yourself you will be allowed to continue in prosperity, but if you attempt to molest that girl again there will be no more gold coming over the frontier from Jugendheit. Now do you understand?"

"Yes," weakly.

"Go. But be advised and walk circumspectly."

The colonel, pale and distract, saw in his mind's eye a squad of soldiers, a wall, a single volley and a dismored field of earth. Military informers were given short shrift. The colonel went to the barracks.

CHAPTER X.

CARMICHAEL PICKS UP A LOCKET.

I AM going into the garden, Gretchen. Bring me a stein of brown."

The mountaineer smiled gently.

"But I am not working here any more," said Gretchen.

"She has had a fortune left her," said Frau Bauer.

"Well, well!" The mountaineer seemed vastly pleased. "And how much is this fortune?"

"Two thousand crowns." Gretchen was not sure, but to her there always seemed to be a secret laughter behind these clear eyes.

"Handsome! And what will you do now?"

"Study for the opera."

The old man was jubilant.

"Where were you going when this popinjay stopped you?" he cried.

"To the clock mender's."

"I've nothing to do. I'll go with you. I've an idea that I should like to talk with you about a very important matter. Will you come into the garden with me now?"

"Yes, Herr."

"So you are going to become a prima donna?" he began, seating himself opposite her on a chair in the garden.

"I am going to try," she smiled.

"Have you any dreams? I mean the kind one has in the daytime—when the eyes are wide open."

"Oh, yes!"

"Who has not dreamed of riding in carriages, of dressing in silks, of wearing rich ornaments?"

"Ah!" Gretchen clasped her hands.

"And there are palaces too."

"To be sure. How would you like a dream of this kind to come true?"

"Do they ever come true?"

"In this particular case I am a fairy.

With one touch of my wand—this staff—I can bring you all these things you have dreamed about. How would you like a little palace, with servants at your beck and call, with carriages to ride in, with silks and velvets to wear and jewels to adorn your hair?"

"Herr, I wish to pass."

"That is possible, Gretchen."

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"I've a watch I should like you to look over," he said to the clockmender. The clock mender literally pounced upon it. "Where did you get a watch like this?" he demanded suspiciously.

"It is mine. You will find my name engraved inside the back lid."

The clock mender pried open the case, adjusted his glass and dropped it, shaking with terror.

"So this is the end," the amazed watchmaker gasped, "of all my labors, to me and to what little I have left!"

"Fiddlesticks! I nowhere for no purpose regarding you, porridge. Your secret is as dead as it ever was."

"Gott! For seventeen, eighteen years

I have traveled hither and thither, always on some false clew. Never a band of gypsies I heard of that I did not seek them out. Nothing, nothing! You will never know what I have gone through, and uselessly, to prove my innocence. What benefit to me would have been a crime like that of which I was accused? Was I not high in honor and wealth? What benefit to me, I say—all my estates confiscated, my wife dead of shame?"

"But why the clocks?" in wonder.

"It was a pastime of mine when I was a boy. I used to be tinkering

as lovely as Diana. With a short nod of her head she signaled for the two soldiers to fall back.

The two were embarrassed.

The little envelope directed its course toward the city.

"You have not been riding of late," she said.

"Then she had missed him. Carmichael's heart expanded.

"I have ridden the same as usual, your highness, only I have taken this road for a change."

"Ah!" She patted the glistening neck of her mare. So he had purposely tried to avoid her! Why? She stole a sly glance at him. Why were not kings mated in this form? All the kings she had met had something the matter with them—crooked legs, weak eyes, bald, young or old, and daft over gaming tables and opera dances. And the one man among them all—at least she had been informed that the king of Jugendheit was all of a man—had politely declined.

"I am guilty of base majesty," he suggested.

"I shall not lock you up," she said, and added under her breath, "as my good father would like to. 'Besides,'" she continued aloud, "I rather like to set the court by the ears. Ah, but I shall lead 'some klug a merry life' with wicked gleaning in her eyes."

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

Upon Its Condition Depends Happiness or Misery.

Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or continuous constipation.

When your food rests so solidly in your stomach that nature refuses to remove it, and usually resort to some common physic which, while affording you some relief, acts so suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

THE BOWELS, like a balky horse, to work properly must be coaxed, and gradually urged to perform their functions.

The soothing action of that great Kidney and Liver medicine, DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, is gentle and delicate, yet its relief is immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every individual to use a proper remedy for CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS. The thousands of grateful testimonials, from both sexes, who have been completely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, is the best evidence of the POWER AND MERIT of this wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottles, enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rosedale, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Best Remedy Cures

Bad Bowels, Gas and Scrofulous Diseases.

50c.

Established by Franklin in 1794.

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SHANBORN Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 139  
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, September 17, 1910.

The population of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, is 500,603, a gain of 178,768 in ten years. This makes that city nearly equal with Boston in population, and brings her into the first ten place.

Korea, about to be annexed by Japan, has a population of 10,600,000, or about the same as the Poland absorbed by Russia, Austria and Germany. If the parallel holds good Japan will have a troublesome problem during the next century.

England reports the loss of a \$60,000 bulldog. Poverty will be smothered if assets on this scale are coming into fashion.—Exchange.

We know of a few million dogs that are in the market for anything from sixty thousand down to ten cents.

Champ Clark, if elected speaker, pledges himself to ride a mule in Washington. What if he will find it much easier than riding the Democratic donkey.—Exchange.

It looks very much as though he may have the chance to ride both.

The slumping Maine is now attributed to the doughty Colonel. Well, it might as well be as any one. He is not helping the Republican party nor the President any by his insane tirades.

But after all the liquor question had more to do with the situation in Maine than any other issue.

Caleb Powers has been nominated for Congress in one of the Kentucky districts by a majority of seven thousand and over his opponent. Powers was twice sentenced to be hanged and once sentenced to State prison for life for alleged complicity in the murder of a former Kentucky governor. He was pardoned by Gov. Bradley and this nomination he regards as a vindication.

The Washington County Fair this week has drawn together a large crowd of people from all parts of the State. On Thursday, which was Governor's day, it is estimated that there were 10,000 people on the grounds. Newport contributed her share of this large number. The weather was perfect and the exhibition one of the best the old South County ever gave.

Representative Sheffield, who pulled through the election two years ago by the skin of his teeth, must rejoice at the indications showing the willingness of the Democrats in this district to nominate against him a comparatively obscure Assemblyman who has been a voter in the State but a very few years.—Providence Journal.

This seems to be a stab at Assemblyman O'Shaunessy who has announced that he is in the hands of his friends and in a receptive mood for the Democratic Congress at nomination from this district.

People have short memories. In 1896 when millions of people were tramping the land, out of work, out of money and out of food, as a result of the attempted free trade legislation of the Democrats then in power during the Cleveland administration, they solemnly declared that never again would they be guilty of voting that way. Now, after fourteen years of unexpected prosperity, they have forgotten all about those dreadful times and are evidently preparing to bring about a similar state of affairs in the near future. It looks as though nothing but a year or two of the Cleveland administration times would bring the people to their senses.

The defeat of the Republican party in Maine will doubtless be the forerunner of the death of the Sturgis Commission and the resumption of the prohibition question to the people. Prohibition long since ceased to prohibit in Maine. Intoxicating liquor has for many years been sold openly in Bangor and other Maine cities. The question of continuing this method or establishing a license law will doubtless be submitted to the people this winter. Maine is the oldest prohibition State. If she now goes back to license there will be no prohibition States left in New England. New Hampshire and Vermont adopted the license system some years ago and the other New England States have had a license system in vogue for many years.

All indications point to a lively campaign in this State this fall. The Republicans will go to the people with the old State ticket headed by Governor Pothier who has so ably performed the duties of his office for the past two years. The Democrats are as yet all at sea on their candidates though there are plenty willing to be sacrificed on the altar of the party. For Congress both Congressmen Capron and Sheffield will be nominated on the Republican side. The Democrats have a multiplicity of candidates in training. Mayor Boyle of Newport, Representative O'Shaunessy and ex-Representative Theodore Francis Green of Providence are all waiting to be called. The General Assembly ticket in the city of Providence is causing the most discussion. There are twenty-five representatives to be chosen in that city and at the present writing at least one hundred young lawyers, representing both parties, are doing the Marathon stunt for the positions.

**The Battle of Lake Erie.**

The Centennial to be properly observed in 1913.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.—PUT-IN-BAY, O., Sept. 10.—As the guns of the ships in the naval militia boomed across Put-in-Bay this afternoon in a salute of welcome to Gov. Harmon, the first real plans for the celebration of Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie were being formulated in the town hall.

Delegates from eight states took part in the proceedings and were so enthusiastic in their endorsement of the Perry memorial that one of the greatest celebrations in the country is assured for Put-in-Bay three years from to-day, when the centennial of Perry's victory will be celebrated.

This afternoon a meeting was held on the grassy slopes of the island fronting on Put-in-Bay, and at the same time the business session of the commission was held in the town hall. Gov. Harmon arrived shortly after 3 o'clock and was escorted to the scene of the outdoor meeting, at which he made the principal address.

"Well do I remember the last time I was in Put-in-Bay," said the governor. "Well do I recall how I buried at the graves of those heroes buried yonder within sight of the scene of their struggles against their country's foe. It was then that I realized how neglected those graves were. It was then that I became convinced that some memorial should be erected to mark the scene of one of the greatest and most far-reaching battles of our history."

"In three years I hope to see erected on this island a memorial of which no one need be ashamed. The battle of Lake Erie was one of the most important in our history and the scene of its happening and the last resting place of its heroes should be marked as to be known by every citizen of the United States. There is no one battle in our history which had such a decisive effect or opened up so vast a tract of country to settlement by the white man."

"The celebration planned for 1913 will not be forgotten for years after the sound of the canon has died away and the fireworks have burst out, but a memorial will be left which will be worthy of the day it celebrates in all the endless years to come."

At a meeting organized by the Inter-States organization was effected to-day of all the States interested, of which Col. Worthington of Ohio is President. Most of the various Committees will be appointed later. On the legislative committee will be General P. Hayes, of Illinois; Colonel Webb C. Hayes, of Ohio; Senator Sanborn, of Rhode Island, and men high in the political councils of their states throughout. Colonel Worthington said today he would go to Washington and remain a month, fighting for the appropriation, if necessary. "The only trouble, I fear," he said, "is that you folks haven't asked Congress for enough."

**Adopting the Monitor Type?**

It is stated that both England and Germany are building a battle ship with single revolving turrets placed side-by-side, which is to this extent a revival of Ericsson's model. But the protective armor is to be heavier than any now in use, and the projectile will weigh three tons. Gas engines are to be employed in sufficient number to insure a speed of twenty-seven knots. The length of the vessel will be under 300 feet, and the draught 22 feet, which will give access to most harbors. This armor will guard the deck against explosives dropped from flying machines. It is expected that a vessel of this design will be more powerful both for offense and defense than any now afloat, and it can be built at less cost. As in the first monitor, the surface exposed to the enemy's guns will be reduced to the minimum.

John Ericsson had reached his ripest period as an inventor when he evolved the monitor, and he had spent years in developing the idea, though the first practical test came in a sudden national emergency that was startling. Modern armored battle ships had their start in the memorable fight between the Monitor and Merrimac. This encounter not only vindicated Ericsson's conception, but revolutionized the navies of the world, and it is still of recognized vital value. No claim has been established that the famous inventor failed to master the essential points of the problem.

Years before he had originated the screw propeller and also ordnance engines, including one to be run by solar heat.

Numerous inventions had been made but not one has ever been engaged.

Their cost is enormous, and it is not proved that they could cope with the heavier guns and armor of a monitor of the new class proposed.

Perhaps the dredges will go out of fashion without smelting the powder of actual conflict.

**Fined In Pawtucket.**

"I know more accurately than any one on earth that I was not exceeding the speed limit," declared the Rev. Dr. William D. Buchanan, pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, when charged in Pawtucket with overspeeding his automobile on Sept. 2. Judge Tuck was not inclined to accept the clergyman's denial, and found him guilty. A fine of \$15 and costs was imposed. Dr. Buchanan appealed, and was held in \$100 bonds. Dr. Buchanan has a summer residence at Narragansett Pier.

**Shall We Have It?**

This is the way the St. Louis Globe Democrat looks at the political situation, or rather the way it did look at it before the Maine election. It says:

In the light of the developments of the past few days a query which the president propounded in his letter to Chairman McIlvane of the Congressional Committee, takes on a new interest. He asked "whether it will be better for the country to have the Republican party control legislation for the next two years, or to enable a Democratic majority in the House either to interpose a vote on Republican measures, or to formulate and pass bills to carry out Democratic principles?" The falling off in the normal Republican majority in Vermont in the election on Tuesday and the insurgent triumphs in Wisconsin, Michigan, New Hampshire and California on the same day, sound a warning to Republicans all over the country, and give an especial timeliness to Mr. Taft's words. And the necessity for giving immediate attention to his counsel is emphasized by the lopoff on the New York Stock Exchange and the evidence of fear as to the business outlook which are appearing in many of the great activities.

"The insurgent movement seems to be getting stronger, and with it the probability of Democratic success." This is a sentence from an editorial in the London Economist, which has been cable to the United States. That astute financial journal, whose business it is to take a survey over the business field throughout the world, thus explains the depression on our Stock Exchange, and points out one of the reasons why European investors are unloading their holdings of American securities. Neither the Economist nor the European owners of American stocks have any prejudice for or against either of the American political parties.

They know, however, just as our people know, that Democratic sway in the United States is always co-incident with business adversity. A Democratic victory in November would bring a crash on the New York Stock Exchange just as surely as the you would rise on Wednesday, November 9. This was true of the past, and it would be true in the present case. And the fear that a Democratic victory will come is not only keeping prices on our exchange at low figures, but it is pushing them down on the London bourse. Until the political atmosphere clears it will be vain to look for any material advance over present figures. Every insurgent demonstration and everything which looks like a Republican setback, present or prospective, unsettles the public confidence and checks enterprise. Business men will not make contracts ahead until the outlook becomes a little brighter than it is now. They will wait until they see what sort of story November 9 will tell.

It may be asked, How is it that Democrats will vote the Democratic ticket when Democratic victory would be sure to bring disaster? In a general way it may be said that only the thoughtless, the ignorant or the reckless will vote the Democratic ticket.

Most of those who are about now for the Democratic candidates either forget the disaster which Democratic victory brought in 1892, or they are willing to take chances on whatever change in business a Democratic victory in 1910 would bring. Millions of voters took the same sort of chance eighteen years ago, and while most of them had cause to regret their act shortly afterward, many of them have forgotten that lesson in the interval, and others are willing to take the risk of causing another revolution. Among Americans the public memory is apt to be short.

The government reports yesterday show that wheat will not drop

so much below the record yield as had been expected, while corn promises to reach a new "highest."

The 3,000,000-bushel mark in corn is likely

to be reached this year, thus making a new record.

Yet although the Stock Exchange had the government report in its hands before the close of the session, it caused no improvement in prices.

Politics is the dominant factor in the market at the present time. The indications from the grain and cotton fields are that the fall-off will have an active

season in moving the crops, yet prices of railway shares refuse to rise.

The Democratic specter is causing the wheels of industry to gradually run

slower and slower. It is altogether

probable that the Republicans will

win in the coming election, and that

general trade will spring forward, but

business wants certainties and not

merely probabilities. This consideration

warns the Republican campaign man-

agers to make a supreme effort to re-

tain party ascendancy in Congress. If

the Republicans carry the election the

country will see on November 9, a

quenching in all the channels of trade

which in a small way, at least, will

recall the business boom which started

on the day following Bryan's defeat in

1896.

**MIDDLETOWN.**

Under the direction of the entertain-

ment Committee of Holy Cross Guild,

Miss Phoebe A. Coggeshall, Miss Char-

lotte Chase, and Mrs. William M.

Hughes, a "cubew social" was given

Wednesday evening at the Guild House.

A small admission was charged at the door and there was a sale of cake,

cracker sandwiches, and coffee. The

showery weather doubtless kept many

away but there was an attendance of

about 50 and a pleasant evening enjoyed

followed by dancing. Mrs. Alvin Stan-

mons furnished the music of the even-

ing. The "Cubew" was made of inter-

woven twine of many colors throughout

the various rooms and even extended

to the basement. Small souvenirs were

found at the ends of the strings each of

which were bound by partners, a gentle- man and a lady. Among the

gifts were many East Indian bead and shell novelties.

Numerous levellers had been built, but not one has ever been

engaged. Their cost is enormous, and

it is not proved that they could cope

with the heavier guns and armor of a

monitor of the new class proposed.

Perhaps the dredges will go out of

fashion without smelting the powder of

actual conflict.

**The Perry Memorial.**

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There is no one battle in our history

which had such a decisive effect or

opened up such a vast territory. There

are millions of people now inhabiting

the regions around the Great Lakes

which were really won for our country

by Commodore Perry in 1813."

Gov. Harmon's statement of the mag-

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F. W. PLAISTED.

Is Elected Governor  
by Maine Democrats

## STATE SAFELY DEMOCRATIC

Revised Returns Emphasize  
Landslide in Maine

PLAISTED'S PLURALITY 8747

Two Democrats and Two Republicans  
Elected to Congress—Both Branches  
of Legislature Will Be Democratic  
and Elect United States Senator to  
Succeed Hale—Republicans Suc-  
cessful in but Three Counties

Portland, Me., Sept. 14.—Nearly  
all of the returns of Tuesday's election  
are in and the sweeping victory of the  
Democrats is settled. The ma-  
jority in the legislature is assured.  
The latest figures give Plaisted's plu-  
rality as 8747. The vote was: Plaisted,  
73,763; Fernald, 54,016.

The latest returns in the congres-  
sional fight show:

First district, Asher C. Hinds, Re-  
publican, elected by 575.

Second district, Daniel J. McGillicuddy, Democrat, elected by 3000.

Third district, Samuel W. Gould, Dem-  
ocrat, elected by 2200.

Fourth district, Frank E. Guernsey, Re-  
publican, elected by about 300.

The Democrats have elected eighty-  
four representatives, and the Repub-  
licans sixty-three, out of a total house  
membership of 151. This gives the  
Democrats a majority of the lower  
branch.

Since they have a majority of eleven  
in the senate, the Democrats are sure  
of controlling a joint convention of  
both branches of the legislature,  
which will elect a United States senator  
to succeed Senator Hale.

Complete returns on the vote for  
state senators show the Democrats  
will occupy twenty-one out of thirty-  
one seats in the Maine senate. The  
last senate, two years ago, was com-  
posed of twenty-three Republicans and  
eight Democrats.

As the legislature is captured by the  
Democrats it seems more than likely  
it will mean a probable resubmission  
to the people of the vexed prohibitory  
law and a chance for local option in  
the rate of intoxicating liquors.

The Sturgis act, which has proved  
so obnoxious to many and was de-  
nounced in the Democratic platform,  
can be repealed. Certainly the act  
can be made inoperative by Governor  
Plaisted withdrawing the present com-  
mission and neglecting to appoint  
their successors.

The legislature will choose a suc-  
cessor to Senator Hale and give Maine  
her first Democratic senator since  
1863 and New England the first since  
the election of William D. Eaton in  
Connecticut in the late '70's.

Half dozen candidates for the sen-  
atorship have sprung into the field,  
Charles F. Johnson of Waterville,  
Ludlow M. Staples of Washington,  
William M. Pennell of Brunswick,  
who gave Asher C. Hinds such a hard  
fight in the First district, Oakley C.  
Curtis of Portland, John C. States of  
Westbrook and James C. Hamlin of  
Portland.

The next legislature will have full  
charge of redistricting the state.

The Democrats also carried a ma-  
jority of the counties, some of the old  
Republican sheriffs, including  
John W. Ballou, for thirty years  
sheriff of Sagadahoc county, going  
down before the Democratic land-  
slide.

The Democrats elected thirteen out  
of the sixteen high sheriffs of Maine,  
according to complete returns. The  
Republicans elected their shrewdly  
candidates in Aroostook, Franklin  
and Washington counties only.

The newly elected Democratic legis-  
lature shortly after convening in Jan-  
uary will elect the state treasurer,  
attorney general, secretary of state  
and a commissioner of agriculture.

As governor, Plaisted, with the con-  
tent of his counsel, will have a num-  
ber of nominations to make.

Mob Shoots Negro to Death  
Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 16.—Isaac  
Glover, a negro wanted for murder,  
was shot to death by a posse of citi-  
zens near Springville. The negro shot  
two of the posse before he was killed.

## IN STORMY CONVENTION

Goodwin Is Named For Governor by  
Republicans of Connecticut

Hartford, Sept. 16.—The Repub-  
lican convention named the following  
ticket:

For governor, Charles A. Goodwin,  
Hartford; lieutenant governor, D. A.  
Hakeslee, New Haven; secretary of  
state, M. H. Rogers, Bridgeport;  
state treasurer, Costello Lipsett, Nor-  
wich; state controller, T. D. Brad-  
street, Thomaston; attorney general,  
J. H. Light, Norwalk; representa-  
tive-at-large in congress, J. Q. Til-  
ton, New Haven.

A platform was adopted endorsing  
the national administration and ex-  
tending through a declaration of policy  
in state affairs, in favor of a public  
service commission bill, and other  
legislation described as remedial. A  
plank for direct primaries was tabled.

The convention was without paral-  
lel in the history of Connecticut Re-  
publicanism. For hours the delegates  
were in turmoil and the chairman,  
Congressman Hill, had great difficulty  
in keeping them within bounds. Much  
of the uproar was brought about by  
decisions of the chairman on parlia-  
mentary questions.

## WILSON FOR GOVERNOR

Head of Princeton Is Chosen by  
Democrats of New Jersey

Trenton, Sept. 16.—Woodrow Wil-  
son, president of Princeton university,  
was nominated for governor by the  
Democrats of New Jersey. The  
vote was: Wilson 7474, Katzenbach  
373, Shizer 206. The nomination was  
made on the first ballot and was made  
unanimous on motion of Shizer and  
Katzenbach delegates.

The platform says: "In regard to the  
administration of the federal govern-  
ment, we charge that the Republican  
party through the present unfair tariff  
laws is largely responsible for the  
higher cost of living now burdening  
our whole people, and we demand an  
intelligent revision downward of the  
present tariff in the interest of all the  
people."

The platform declared for the voting  
of rate-pinking power in the public  
utilities commission; for the exten-  
sion of the primary election laws to  
all nominations, and the publication of  
campaign expenditures.

## THE ILLINOIS PRIMARIES

Cannon Renominated For Congress,  
but Bouteill Is Defeated

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Returns from  
the primaries in Illinois are coming in  
slowly. Thus far they show that  
"Uncle Joe" Cannon was renominated  
for congress, but by decreased ma-  
jority. Congressman Bouteill is de-  
feated by 7000 votes and Congressman  
Foss is probably defeated.

The standpatters nominated Lee  
O'Neill Browne, recently acquitted  
as a briber for Senator Lorimer. The  
progressives nominated John C. Mc-  
Kenzie.

## THOUGHT NECKLACE WORTH \$20,000

Inspectors Find That "Smuggled  
Diamonds" Are But Paste

New York, Sept. 16.—Mrs. Bessie  
F. Chapman of Boston, mother of  
the famous Chapman baby and herself  
called by a famous French artist the  
most beautiful American woman, must  
face a smuggling charge in court here.

Mrs. Chapman, who arrived home  
on the Adriatic, had, however, some-  
what of a laugh on the customs men  
last night, for the "\$20,000 necklace"  
which they found secreted on her after  
a personal search by the matron,  
turns out to be paste and worth only  
\$200.

But that doesn't explain several  
Paris gowns which the Boston woman  
brought over and neglected to de-  
clare.

## CONSPIRACY CHARGED

Stowaways Taken From Ocean Liner  
Are Held For Hearing

Boston, Sept. 16.—The preliminary  
court proceedings against the twenty  
Italians who were taken from the  
White Star liner Canopic out at Bos-  
ton light were begun before Judge  
Bragg in the Charlestown court. A  
charge of conspiracy to defraud the  
White Star line was lodged against  
each and all pleaded not guilty. Each  
was held in \$100 for a hearing  
Sept. 21.

As a result of what the police of  
Station 15 learned from the prisoners  
Mario Ferlazzo, who, it is claimed,  
is identified with the business of the  
Banca Stabile, and three others, were  
arrested.

## KILLED BY Elevated Train

Boston, Sept. 16.—Patrick Con-  
nors, 27, was picked up by the truck  
of an elevated train from the trestle  
on which he had been working, car-  
ried thirty feet along the ties, and  
hurled thirty feet from the elevated  
structure to the street below, dying  
almost instantly. His skull was frac-  
tured and his neck broken.

## Death of Admiral Dickins

New York, Sept. 16.—Rear Admiral  
Francis W. Dickins, who during the  
Spanish-American war had much to  
do with planning the successful naval  
campaigns in his capacity as assistant  
chief of the bureau of navigation, died  
in this city.

## Two-Cent Paper Reduces Price

Chicago, Sept. 16.—The Chicago  
Evening Post, which for several years  
has been the only 2-cent afternoon  
newspaper in Chicago, announces that  
hereafter the price of the paper will  
be 1 cent.

Mob Shoots Negro to Death  
Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 16.—Isaac  
Glover, a negro wanted for murder,  
was shot to death by a posse of citi-  
zens near Springville. The negro shot  
two of the posse before he was killed.

## NO LINE DRAWN BY PRESIDENT

Declares That Regulars and  
Insurgents Are Alike to Him

## RESTORATION OF PATRONAGE

Felt That Duty Required Him to With-  
hold It From Those Who Seemed to  
Oppose Efforts of Administration  
to Fulfill Promises of Party Plat-  
form—Attitude Ended With Primary  
Election and Conventions

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 16.—President  
Taft hereafter will draw no distinc-  
tion between insurgent and regular  
Republicans in the distribution of federal  
patronage. This was made clear in  
a letter to certain of the Iowa in-  
surgent leaders, which was made pub-  
lic at the summer White House by  
Secretary Norton. In taking this  
course the president indicates that  
he is bowing to the majority of the  
people. The letter, which is signed  
by Secretary Norton, says:

"Your letters of the 9th are at hand  
and I have delayed replying until after  
the primary elections. The presi-  
dent directs me to express to you and  
to your friends his deep appreciation  
of the work which you have done, and  
the powerful assistance which you  
have extended to the administration  
from the beginning—an assistance that  
has contributed much to the legis-  
lative and other successes which have  
been secured."

"The president recognizes that your  
efforts have been wholly disinterested,  
that you have fought sturdily and  
generously for what you believed to  
be his interest and the welfare and  
success of the party."

"While Republican legislation pend-  
ing in congress was opposed by cer-  
tain Republicans the president felt it  
to be his duty to the party and to the  
country to withhold federal patronage  
from certain senators and congress-  
men who seemed to be in opposition to  
the administration's efforts to carry  
out the promises of the party plat-  
form."

"That attitude, however, ended  
with the primary elections and nomi-  
nating conventions which have now  
been held and in which the voters have  
had opportunity to declare them-  
selves. The people have spoken and  
as the party faces the fall election  
the question must be settled by its  
members of every shade of opinion  
whether the differences of the last  
session shall be perpetuated or shall  
be forgotten."

"He recognizes the danger that in  
certain cases expressions of feelings  
were so intense as to make it difficult  
in some instances for factions to come  
together and work loyally for the  
party, but, as he stated in his letter to  
the Republican congressional com-  
mittee, he believes it can be done and  
should be. The president is confident  
that you will yourself meet your local  
and state situation in this spirit and  
that you will write your friends and  
ask them to do likewise."

"The president feels that the value  
of federal patronage has been greatly  
exaggerated and that the refusal to  
grant it has probably been more useful  
to the men affected than the ap-  
pointments would have been. In the  
preliminary skirmishes in certain  
states like Wisconsin and Iowa and  
elsewhere, he was willing, in the in-  
terest of what the leaders believed  
would lead to party success, to make  
certain discriminations; but the presi-  
dent has concluded that it is his duty  
now to treat all Republican congress-  
men and senators alike, without any  
distinction."

"He will now follow the usual rule  
in Republican congressional districts  
and states and follow the recom-  
mendations made by Republican congress-  
men and senators of whatever shade  
of political opinion, only requiring  
that the men recommended shall be  
good men, the most competent and  
the best fitted for the particular office."

In a quiet, unostentatious way, Pres-  
ident Taft yesterday celebrated his  
53rd birthday. He was born in Cincin-  
nati, Sept. 15, 1857. A number of  
telegrams, expressing good will and  
many more birthdays, were received  
from dignitaries of nation, states and  
cities, and from foreign government  
attachés at Washington, which were  
answered.

## NINE DAYS IN TRANCE

Catalepsy Responsible For Condition  
of Malden Young Woman

Malden, Mass., Sept. 16.—Miss  
Rosa Hyacinthe, 19 years old, daughter  
of Edward Hyacinthe of this city,  
recovered from a nine days' trance at  
the Malden hospital last night, where  
she was under the care of Dr. Hor-  
pele.

The trance was brought about by  
catalepsy. For four days she was  
semi-conscious, and then she lapsed  
into insensibility. Last year she went  
into a trance for five days and re-  
covered.

## Heavy Haul by Robbers

Trenton, Ky., Sept. 15.—Robbers  
broke into the bank at Trenton and  
got away with \$100, all in copper  
cents. The other funds in the safe  
were not disturbed.

## Tragedy In Boston Restaurant

Boston, Sept. 13.—While eating in  
the restaurant at 19½ Fleet street  
Salvatore Rizzo was shot and killed.  
The proprietor, Carmel Sarni, was  
arrested, charged with the crime. The  
trouble arose over the purchase of a  
bottle of wine. In the municipal  
court Sarni was held without bail for  
a hearing.

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was shot to death by a posse of citi-  
zens near Springville. The negro shot  
two of the posse before he was killed.

## CHARLES S. MELLON

Assumes Presidency  
of Boston and Maine



## TUTTLE STEPS OUT

President of the Boston and Maine  
Railroad Declines Re-election

Boston, Sept. 14.—At the monthly  
meeting of the board of directors of  
the Boston and Maine railroad, Pres-  
ident Lucius Tuttle declined re-elec-  
tion to the office he has filled for so  
many years, and Charles S. Mellon,  
president of the New York, New Haven  
and Hartford railroad, was elected  
acting president, with all the powers  
of president.

Mr. Tuttle gave as the reason for  
his action a desire to be relieved from  
arduous duties and to have a chance to  
rest. He was given leave of absence  
until the annual meeting of the  
road, Oct. 11, 1911, and it is under-  
stood that during that time he will re-  
ceive full pay.

## TWO YEARS FOR GERBRACHT

Fine of \$5000 Also Imposed on  
Former Employee of Sugar Trust

New York, Sept. 15.—Ernest W.  
Gerbracht, former superintendent of  
the Williamsburg refinery of the Sugar  
Trust, who with Charles R. Helke,  
former secretary and treasurer of the  
Sugar Trust, was convicted of con-  
spiracy to defraud the government by  
the underweighting of sugar, was sen-  
tenced to two years in the federal  
penitentiary at Atlanta and fined \$5000  
by Judge Martin in the United States  
court.

After imposing sentence, Martin  
granted a stay on appeal and fixed  
bail at \$25,000. Sentence on Helke,  
who has been called "the man higher  
up," is still pending.

Double Lynching in Tennessee  
Nashville, Sept. 14.—Will Sharpe  
and Bob Bruce, two negroes, were  
lynched near Tiptonville for an at-  
tempted assault on two little girls.

## SIR GEORGE BARTLEY DEAD

London, Sept. 15.—Sir George C.  
Bartley, K. C. B., is dead. In 1875  
he established the National Penny  
bank to promote thrift.

## CHOLERA APPEARS IN HUNGARY

Washington, Sept. 14.—Cholera has  
broken out in Hungary, according to  
advice by the state department.

## COURTESIES AT SEA.

Dipping the Flag Before the Booming of the Guns.

In the days before canons and broadsides until comparatively recent times a vessel made its salutation by lowering or "dipping" its flag. This is the oldest and most honorable greeting which a ship can give. It ranks before the booming of guns, however many.

This salute has always been demanded by English speaking seamen, and its execution has honored the hearts and the powder of generations of naval commanders. For a foreign ship, whether merchant or martial, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to court the chances of war, although the profoundest peace existed. Without warning or argument the shore defenses or a man-of-war would send a round of shot across the bows or between the masts of the insolent intruder, and if the offending bug came not down instantly the foreigner was brought to her senses by being raked through and through. Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who in time of peace sailed into Portsmouth sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag.

Salutes are essential matters of naval etiquette and are exchanged under an elaborate code arranged between the powers. The number of guns to be fired under all conceivable circumstances is minutely stipulated.—New York Press.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

A Drink From the Well That Was Not Appreciated.

The girl accepted the glass of tea water with a fervor in her words that went away beyond the manner of ordinary politeness.

"Yes," she confessed, "I am deeply grateful. You don't know what a blessing it is to be able to get a drink out of a refrigerator—just open the door and take it out. You see, I've been visiting at one of those houses in the country where the poetic, old oaken bucket still is on the job. Every time I wanted a drink I had to get a knife and a weight and a rope and a bucket and a cup. I dug the lid of the well up with the knife. Then I adjusted the weight on one side of the bucket so it would tip over and take in water when it hit the bottom. Then I drew up the bucket, took a cupful of water, coiled the rope, shut down the lid and put the knife away again. All that for just one little drink!"

"Once we went out driving. We found one well where we couldn't get the lid up. We found another where the rope was too short. I was just dying for a drink by that time, so one of the boys held another upside down in the well by the legs, you know—and we dipped out a drink that way. Thank you, I'm very comfortable where I am. No oaken buckets for me, except in songs!"—Kansas City Star.

## Saving Time.

"How much is that?" asked the man who was in a hurry.

"Dollar—sixty-eight," replied the saleslady.

"Would you mind calling it \$2 even?"

"I'm sorry, but it's against the rules."

"Would you consent as a favor to retain the change?"

"Certainly not! I do not receive tips."

He turned sadly away. Then a bright idea struck him. He went to the door, called a passing newsboy and took him to the counter. He refused for the article desired and regardless of protest shoved it into his pocket. Laying down a two dollar bill, he said to the newsboy:

"Now, son, you wait for that 2 cents change, no matter how long it takes, and here's half a dollar for your trouble!"—Washington Star.

## Russian Peasant Weddings.

A peasant wedding in Russia means a festival for the whole village and often for the young people from neighboring villages as well. Weeks before the eventful day the young girls assemble at the home of the bride to help her sew. The bridegroom comes with his men friends to treat them to nuts and sweets. Appropriate songs are sung, and the bridegroom's generosity is put to the test. One of the girls holds out to him plate, and if he puts down a silver coin they hug him a song full of compliments, but if he gives copper and is known to be able to afford more mockery follows. The whole village is invited to the marriage ceremony, which is performed with all the ancient superstitious rites and solemnities.

## Retribution.

"You are charged with allowing your family only 15 cents a day for sustenance."

"That's all I do allow, your honor, and it is enough."

"Enough to feed a wife and six children?"

"So I contend."

"Five hundred dollars for contempt. Nobody can call this court a fool and get away with it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Net For His Business.

"But they say," remarked the patron, "he has a good head for business."

"Nonsense!" replied the banker.

"Why, he's absolutely bald!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## One Thing Always Handy.

Husband (ruminating through a drawer)—Well, it's very strange; I can never find anything. Wife—You can always find fault, it seems to me."

## What Did He Mean?

Mrs. H.—I see there's a man in France who has murdered three of his wives in succession. I'd like to see the man who would murder me.

Mr. H.—So would I, my dear.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it cannot reach.—Thomson.

## The Dear Old Frauds.

Those old, pleasant, innocent frauds of the circus are not practiced now in the imposing five-barred gates that as the horse approached them were shooed into insignificant wattle and the rings through which the steers were purported to leap, but which in reality were instigated over here by compliant attendants. And then there was that venerable Jockey performance, the culmination of which was a leap from the ring to a standing position, albeit at an angle of thirty degrees, on the horse's back. In the old circuses it was the custom of the horseman to make the crowning jump two or three times in order that a sterner name of interest might be kindled in the audience. After two failures the band would stop (always the presage of a moment of strait supreme), the horse's head would be loosed, he would be urged to a greater pace, and the feat would gloriously succeed. Then what a crash of brass and outburst of delight in the building, involving even the staff and ringmaster in the expression of ecstasy! Those old, simple days!—Cornhill Magazine.

## Remarkable Instinct.

"Every time I go shopping I thank heaven that I have a good business head," said the woman who boasts that her quick wit always saves her from financial loss. "A saleswoman came very near getting into trouble today over a belt I bought. The only thing that saved her was my business instinct. First I bought a belt for \$1.25 and paid with a two dollar bill. In handing my change the girl dropped a quarter into the paper and boxes that showed the floor back of the counter and could not find it. Of course I could have held her accountable, but she looked so tired and worried that I hadn't the heart to do that, so how do you think we settled it?" Her husband gave it up.

"Why?" said she triumphantly, "I just exchanged my \$1.25 belt for a dollar one, and neither of us lost anything."

"Remarkable instinct, my dear," said the husband, and she smiled over his approval.—New York Sun.

## Bernard Shaw's Excuse.

Bernard Shaw was invited to a banquet in honor of the sculptor Rodin. He sent the following letter as his excuse for not attending:

"For me a banquet to Rodin is quite superfluous. I have already taken measures to assume immortality for myself by attaching my name to that of Rodin. Henceforth in every encyclopedia you will read, 'Bernard Shaw; subject of a bust by Rodin; otherwise unknown.'

"If the bust is lost, broken or spoiled, so much the better for me," he continues. "They will speak of the 'lost Bernard Shaw of Rodin,' as today they speak of the 'lost Athens of Pheidias. Nothing can be more beautiful than the statues which no one ever saw. Therefore I have done all that is necessary. I can get along without banquets. You will only be Rodin's hosts. I have the honor to be his model!"—Dramatic Mirror.

## The Unreality of Opera.

There are people who still complain of the unreality of opera, who cannot subject themselves to its illusion. And indeed the illusion of opera breaks down if everything in it is not kept at the same distance from reality. In that world of musical expression we must never be suddenly lowered by any incongruous detail into the ordinary world of prose. Realizing the attempt to work upon the emotions by complete illusion of reality, is disastrous in opera. If the scene is a rat-a-tat station we remember at once that people do not sing when they are catching trains.—London Times.

## The Music Was Fatal.

A New York matelot once found it necessary to attend an entertainment at an orphans' home, and he was having a bad time of it. The selection by the boys' band was particularly distressing. Turning to a friend, the policeman said with a shudder, "No wonder they are orphans!"—Success Magazine.

## A Money Saver.

"But you are taking considerable risk in letting your young men owe two or three weeks' board."

"Yes, there is some risk," answered the boarding house keeper. "But then, you see, they worry over it so that they lose their appetites, so I save money in the long run."

## Diplomatic.

"I believe our boy is a born diplomat."

"Has he shown extraordinary ability as a praeceptor?"

"Well, no, not that exactly, but he can cheat other boys in trades and make them think they are getting all the best of it."

## Napoleon and Woman.

Napoleon I., who was a great admirer of female talent when his owner did not, like Mme. de Staél, street it against himself, used to say, "There are women who have only one fault, that they are not men."

## Man and Woman.

When a man gets into trouble the first thing he thinks of is, "How shall I get out of this fix?" When a woman gets into trouble her first thought is, "How shall I best bear this misery?"—Winifred Black.

## Cheeky.

"Does Winks take any magazines?"

"All he can get. I don't dare to leave one lying around!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## They Felt Hungry.

She—Well, Clarence, dear, the situation is not quite as rosy as it was pictured to us before marriage, is it? He—Well, not all together so, love. She—I wish—er—I wish— He—What do you wish, dearest? She—I wish we had the rice and the old shoes they threw at us when we were married.

## What Did He Mean?

Mrs. H.—I see there's a man in France who has murdered three of his wives in succession. I'd like to see the man who would murder me.

Mr. H.—So would I, my dear.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it cannot reach.—Thomson.

## Parted Her on the Back.

Tennyson on one occasion on board the royal yacht, at the request of the then Princess of Wales, read "The Grandmother." "I read it," said Tennyson, "in a cabin deck. The princess sat close to me on one side and a young lady whom I didn't know on the other. The wind came through an open window, and the princess whispered, 'Put on your hat,' but I said I might, if possible, make myself bolder than ever before so many ladies. She said again, 'Oh, put it on,' so I did, and I heard afterward that the king of Denmark's court fool, who was in the background (they really kept a court fool), remarked, 'He may be laureate, but he has not learned court manners.' When I was done the ladies praised me, and I patted the unknown one on the back by way of reply, and presently I found out she was the empress of Russia!"

"Had any talk with the czar?"

"Hardly any. He said he couldn't speak English. Perhaps he was disgusted at my pattering his wife on the back. His head was up in the cabin ceiling as he walked about below."—London Gentlewoman.

## Hydrocyanic Acid.

The distilled essential oil of almonds, which when diluted supplies the popular flavoring for sweets and confectionery known as "ratatou," contains in its strongest form a sufficient percentage of hydrocyanic acid to make it highly dangerous. A young man who was executing an order by pouring it from a large bottle to a smaller one noticed that he had not put the label quite straight on the smaller bottle and took it off again. Before replacing the label he checked it to make sure of its sticking properly. But while pouring he had inadvertently let a drop or two trickle on the outside of the bottle where he had affixed the label. Then when he touched the label with his tongue he felt as if something shot along that member and also a jump of his heart. So he rushed to a tap, which was fortunately close at hand, and put his tongue under the running water. Never as long as he lived, he said, would he forget that poisoning sensation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## An Eye on the Future.

A man with a swollen finger that had a deep abrasion under the ring called at a jewelry store to get the ring cut off. Before the operation was begun he said:

"Can this ring be mended so a pawnbroker will give me the usual amount on it?"

"It can be mended," said the jeweler, "but I doubt if you can ever persuade a pawnbroker to accept it afterward."

"Then I guess I'll take chances on my finger getting well with the ring on," said the young man and left the store.

"Incidents like that," said the jeweler, "show what a surprisingly large number of Philadelphians live with the pawnshop looking up just ahead of them as an unavoidable evil. Of all the people who need their rings cut off two-thirds of them ask that very question, and a large percentage of them take chances on blood poisoning rather than destroy the ring's value as a pawnable asset."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Way Man Has.

A man who will sit up all night and display marvelous agility of the fingers in operating a pack of cards finds that he has hands like an elephant's feet when he is asked to hook up or button up his wife's gown. This fact is observed time and again and is one of the popular bits of philosophy to be served in connection with a dressmakers' convention desiring public attention.

That it is a more difficult undertaking to shuffle the deck and deal a poker hand—merely as a test of digital cleverness without taking into consideration the more important item of dealing a satisfactory hand—than to hook up a gown even when the eyes are hidden in the face must be admitted. That a man will undertake the one cheerfully and the other reluctantly must be ascribed to the survival of the Old Nick in most male humans.—Chileno Tribune.

## A Nice Distinction.

He was hurrying for the train, somewhat impeded by a clumsy crate containing a large live turkey. As he approached the gate the guard stopped him with a gesture.

"You can't take that through here," he said. "That'll have to be checked or go by express."

"But I can't stop," declared the passenger. "I've got to get this train." And he tried to push through again.

The guard held him back. "That is baggage," he said firmly, "and it must go in the baggage car."

"Oh, no," replied the other, with a charming and confident smile; "it's luggage. Don't you see I'm lugging it?" And he had slipped by before the astonished guard had caught his breath.—Youth's Companion.

## Circumstantial Evidence.

Even the clearest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the ease of any penknife sharpened by any woman. If you have witnesses you will find she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil you will say she did it with her teeth.—Mark Twain.

## Ultra Practical.

"I notice," said a husband who was reading a lengthy letter which his wife had written and had handed to him for perusal, "that you have made a stupid mistake. You have written 'marriage' instead of 'marriage!'"

"Either will do," replied the lady.

"They both signify an illusion."

## Sure Thing.

"So Jack and Tom proposed last night. Which did you accept?"

"Why, my dear, I was so excited I can't remember. But whichever calls tonight must be the one!"—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## Painfully Frank.

Miss Oldgirl—Here are some new pictures I had taken, but they are perfect frights. The photographer I went to is no flatterer. Miss Pert—No, but he is conscientious.—Baltimore American.

## Taking Her to Task.

Mrs. Plymouth Rock—Yes, we are very proud of the fact that our ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Mrs. Mary Rock (severely)—In the first cabin?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Little Else.

A London attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a petitfogger or a scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a petitfogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'little Else!'"—Westminster Gazette.

## Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

## Easy.

"Is that car on this train?"

"No; he was switched off at the junction."

## "He's was? Why not 'she'?"

"This was a small car."—Toledo Blade.

Every time a man comes across a lot of old clothes in the house he searches the pockets, though he never finds anything.

## Elizabethan Slang.

According to the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary, one meaning of "lobster" is "a glibble, awkward, bungling or undesirable fellow." This meaning is supposed by most persons to be a modern development of slang. However, "lobster" was a favorite term of abuse among Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's day, and Shakespeare may have denounced his callboy as a "lobster" when the boy failed to attend to his duties. Some students of the word think it probably was applied first to men with red faces. As signifying a soldier the term "lobster" is as old as Cromwell's day. Lord Clarenden, historian of the civil war in England, explains that it was applied to the Roundhead cut-throats "because of the bright iron shells with which they were covered." Afterward British soldiers in their red uniforms were called "lobsters." Then came another development. The soldier in the red coat became a "baited lobster," while the policeman in blue was, of course, an "unbaited" or "raw lobster." Again, "to bait a lobster" was for a man to enlist in the army and put on a red coat.—Chicago News.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this.

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifl with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## A SHREWD SHOPPER.

The Little Play by Which She Won Attentive Service.

"Chicago people certainly have the knack of getting on," a shopper said. "In the suit department of a big store I met a Chicago woman who had been in New York less than a week. She said she wasn't buying anything; had just come to get the lay of the land. In the process of getting it she stopped a cash girl and said:

"Is that Miss Blake selling white linen shirts to that fat woman? I understand you have a Miss Blake in the department."

"No; that is Miss Barton," said the cash girl.

The Chicago woman wrote the name in her address book. Then she showed me the names of saleswomen in several other stores.

"This is only a preliminary to real shopping," she said. "It pays to take the extra trouble. If I expect to buy more than \$5 worth of anything at a strange store I learn beforehand the name of the saleswoman whose looks I like best. Then when I go back to buy I can say, as I shall do here tomorrow, 'I would like Miss Barton to wait on me,' and, although Miss Barton has never set eyes on me, the fact that I can call her name gives her the impression that she must have sold me a \$100 dress at some time, and I get twice as good service as I would get if I knew nobody by name."

New York Sun.

## THE HOPEFUL ATTITUDE.

It Helps One in Striving to Realize His Ambition.

There is a tremendous power in the habit of expectancy—the conviction that we shall realize our ambition, that our dreams shall come true, says Orion Swett Marden in Success Magazine. There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an expectant, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our heart yearnings will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed; that, no matter what may or may not happen, we are going to be happy.

There is nothing else so helpful as the carrying of this optimistic, expectant attitude—the attitude which always looks for and expects the best, the highest, the happiest—and never allowing oneself to get into the pessimistic, disheartened mood.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind. If it seeks an entrance, entertain only the friend thoughts or ideals of the thing you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

Ingratitude. "You remember old guy, Jim Burke?" asked an irate Bowery denizen. "He's dat still dat don't up der river—Sing Sing—bogalory—ten years. Well, you know all I done fer dat still. When he was plucked didn't I put up der coin fer der lawyers? Didn't I pay fer witnesses? Sure I did. Do oder day I thinks I'll just go an' see dat mutt just leave him know his frien's ain't die on 'im. So I drives out to do full an' goes into de warden's office, an' he says I gotta send me card in. Me card! D'ye get dat? Well, anyway, I writes me name on a piece o' paper, an' guy takes it in to Jim Burke, an' what'd you think dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idea," said the listener.

"He tells him," concluded the angry one, "I tell me dat he ain't in!"—Success Magazine.

## A Dead Giveaway.

"What did you pay for this hat?"

"Five dollars."

"I was going to say \$2.50."

"No; \$5."

"Maybe the merchant raised the price?"

"No."

"Well, if I were you I'd erase the price mark."

The Lady—You have been recommended to me as an experienced divorce lawyer.

The Attorney—I am at your service, madam. What grounds have you for divorce?

The Lady—Oh, I got a divorce six months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce.

## Fortunately It Hadn't:

It was a broiling hot day and the woman who came rushing up to the railway station all out of breath was obviously anxious.

"Oh," she exclaimed excitedly to the station master, "has the next train gone yet?"—Somerville Journal.

## Handicapped.

"Yes," said the man from St. Louis, "I am very fond of green peas, but I can't eat them."

"Why not?" queried the Chicago man who was dining at the same table.

"Because," explained the other, "I can't keep 'em on my knife."

A funny man indulged in a practical joke recently. He put an advertisement in a paper for a wife and requested each candidate to enclose her carte de visite. It was a foolish thing to do, but one of the candidates served him very well by sending the following letter: "Sir, I do not enclose my carte, but, though there is some authority for putting a card before a wife, I know of no law for putting one before a man."

"Are there any bacteria in this tea?" asked the same girl.

"You didn't mention them in the first place," replied the new attendant firmly. "If you're going to change your order you'll have to get another card."

Private Mating—I was absent this morning at roll-call.

Sergeant Doolan—Well, all right, next time you're absent at roll-call be sure and say you're not with your wife."

## Purple Lilacs.

BY SADIE MARIE STULL.

For the seventh time she smilingly acknowledged the thunderous applause, and not one in the great audience suspected the effort it cost her.

Kenwood alone understood.

"Well done, little girl," he whispered as he passed her on the way to her dressing room.

Mlle. Julie's bright eyes sparkled as her mistress entered the small room. She would do violence to admiration to call her, but Muriel stopped her with a deprecatory gesture.

"Quick, Julie—get me out of these trap-lings!"

The little maid marvelled that not even a glace was exchanged between the two.

When Miss Dexter's apartments were reached, Julie's wonder increased.

"You need not assist me to-night, ma chere," the actress said, her indulgent smile belied by the weariness of her voice. "Bon soi."

As the door closed on the maid, Miss Dexter slowly crossed the room to a divan on which the electric chandelier shed an ample light.

For a full minute she permitted her artistic senses to revel in the beauty of her surroundings. Furniture, draperies, ornaments—each and every article selected for its individual value—blended in a harmonious whole which would have won the admiration of "perfect" from an art connoisseur.

But to Muriel Dexter's eyes it was not perfect. Even as she realized it was the proper setting for the jewel of her genius, its very richness and glitter oppressed her.

A mystic hand beckoned from the past—in its grasp the letter she had received that afternoon. Slowly—mockingly—the singly-traced words shaped themselves before her hungry gaze.

"To the scent of the lilacs is wasted to me as I write—blazing with the memory of the dear old days. It may be the merest sentiment, yet I like to think that 'mid the wealth of rare finds takes you now receive, your heart sometimes yearns for the simple garden flowers."

How angelically the little sister's heart had guided her pen!

The luxuriously appointed room faded before Miss Dexter's eyes and in its place she beheld a never-to-be-forgotten scene. She heard her father's stern, uncompromising voice—her mother's gentle pleading; the vague questioning of the little brother and sister, too young to understand, aught save the knowledge that their idolized sister was going away; away from the sheltering boughs and the dower-crowded hills and meadows.

A mist obscured Miss Dexter's vision and she extended one hand as if to stay the approach of the succeeding picture.

Her hand touched the soft petals of a long-stemmed rose. She pushed the real blossom aside petulantly. It represented the Present, and tonight, by a wave of beauty's magic wand, she dwelt only in the Past.

Moreover, the girl in the picture carried a spray of purple lilacs—broken from the flower-laden bush as she passed out through the wicket gate. As incense, their delicate fragrance assuaged with the prayer she breathed for forgiveness and future guidance.

Once again her hand came in contact with the queasy nose. This time, a tremulous smile parted her lips. She was wondering what the generous donors would think could they know how willingly she would exchange their costly floristic creation for the smallest cluster of "memory" flowers.

The smile died on her lips. They would not understand; not one in the great tinselled world of pretense would understand. Nor one, did she say?

In her ears rang Gordon Kenwood's masterful voice, surcharged with an earnestness his admirers "in front" had never been privileged to hear.

"I know how it is, little girl. The hurt to your eyes when no 'home' flowers appear among your frequent tributes is familiar to me. I first beheld it in the eyes deepest in all the world to me—the eyes of my revered mother. I was only a youngster then, and used to worry in vague, kid-fashion, when I often surprised her, silent and watchful, in the midst of what to my juvenile mind was all sunshine and happiness. She hid you, fame, fortune—everything to which her talent entitled her, in the matrimonial world; but back in the little home world, those nearest and dearest to her ignored her triumphs as they had frowned on her early aspirations. It embittered her sweet cup of success, but she quaffed it in silence, for she was proud as they. And in the end, they understood and offered belated homage.

"The sun of the Bush, if properly cured, may be utilized for any purpose for which the lighter weights of leather are employed. Its oil is a perfect lubricant and also is used for softening leather. In addition it possesses medicinal qualities for which a superiority to the finest of Norwegian cod liver is claimed.

The flesh of the crocodile fish is extensively used by the natives as food and highly relished by them as one of the delicacies of the country. The fish ranges in length from ten inches to four feet and when dried assumes an ashen hue with lighter shadings of a bluish tint. A concession has been granted by the Mexican government to exploit the fisheries.

Something in her manner toward the flowers caught Kenwood's quick eye, half preparing him for her joyous whisper. "It has come at last—the day of days! I am to spend the summer at home."

Mechanically Kenwood gave full value to his "jives," but the woman beside him heard only his eager undertone: "Am I the first to congratulate you?"

They had reached the climax of the act—when it was the heroine's custom to toss the lilacs carelessly upon a rustic bench.

Tonight, however, she passed them reverently to Kenwood. And Kenwood knew that the answer his heart sought was intrusted to them—the flowers fate had chosen for them in the garden of Love.—Boston Post.

## His Role.

"See the queer man in the baggy costume."

"That my dear is a sailor."

"He doesn't look like the naval lieutenants I've seen in comic operas."

"Pardon me, mam," interposed the jolly tar, "but I belong to the chorus."

"So you wouldn't like to marry a clergyman?"

"No (coolly)—No, but I'd like to have one marry me."

## Alaska's Black Gold.

While Alaska's gold reserves are large they are far from unique, for refined gold is the name, whatever the source. But when it comes to coal fields Alaska has no competitor. Its store of high-grade fuel cannot be equalled in quality west of the Rockies.

In fact to find anthracite and bituminous coal which compares in value with that of Alaska one must come East to Pennsylvania. These coals are, therefore, the key to the commercial situation on the west coast. For a high-grade, steaming coal used for manufacturing industries or a merchant marine or a coke for smelters in the Western States one must turn to Alaska.

Heute, the growing population of the West has a vital interest in the development of these coal fields. These coals are of even national importance, for all our Pacific possessions Alaska alone can supply our battle with smokeless fuel. The quality of this anthracite and bituminous coal is not as yet determined, but it certainly is not unlimited and hence should not be wasted. To use it, however, will not be to waste it unless it be improperly mined.

A surveyed area of about 100 square miles is known to be underlaid with these coals, and it is probable that further investigation may show an extension of field.

A rough estimate of the quantity within this surveyed area gave some 6,000,000,000 tons, or more than one and one half times the entire production of Pennsylvania since coal mining began.

It is fair to assume that the coal is worth \$4 a ton, which would make its total value about forty times as great as the entire gold output of Alaska to the present time. It is probable, therefore, that the value of the coal fields exceeds that of the gold reserves.

These coals are, however, practically untouched, for the only coal mining in Alaska is that of some Indians for local use. A few years ago statistics showed that Alaska's entire export of coal for a year was four tons, while it produced fifteen tons of gold. There are also some bituminous coals, though of less fuel value, in the Alaska peninsula, in the Yukon, and on the Arctic slope. Lignite coals and peat are abundant and widely distributed, and some of these possess great value for local consumption.—From "The American" Review of Books.

The maid in France works hard and is allowed very limited leisure; she is supposed to have every other Sunday afternoon and that is all. For her services she receives the extraordinary sum of 45 or 50 francs (\$9 or \$10 a month, besides her home, of course.)

## White Way on the Farm.

Yarrow is probably the sweetest village in Missouri that has an electric light plant, a Kirksville (Mo.) correspondent of the Kansas City Star says.

The population of Yarrow consists of the families of a grocer, a blacksmith, a miller and two retired farmers. Each family has its home originally lighted by electricity.

The electric light plant is owned and operated by Michael Webber, who has for twenty years or more run an old-fashioned water mill at Yarrow. Mr. Webber is an inventive man and recently he conceived the idea of attaching his water machinery to a ten-horsepower dynamo and linking electricity for himself and neighbors. A dynamo was installed at a nominal cost and for the first time in the history of the village of Yarrow electric lights were turned on recently.

Mr. Webber says he expects to put in a larger dynamo and to light the entire southwest corner of Adair county. He says further that the Chouteau river is a source of water power should be developed, as it has great possibilities for Kirkville and other towns near the stream. He is interested in a project to put a \$100,000 dam across the Chouteau west of Kirkville and to install a modern power plant.

The inclination of the rays is also important; when they fall perpendicular to their action is much greater; unique rays glaze, on the contrary, from the surface of the skin and are without effect.

## Bright Man.

Parlins (a resident)—That man who just passed is the one that made this town famous by an axiom he uttered during an afternoon speech.

Ticomb (a stranger)—Is that so?

What was the axiom?

Parlins—A lie in the heart of a consecutive man is like a boiled catago dinner in the stomach of a dyspeptic.

## In the Hospital.

Fist Patient—Do you know who that visitor was who came in here a while ago? She was a very distinguished-looking woman.

Second Patient—I was struck by her too, and I asked the nurse, but she told me the visitor was a very ordinary sort of person—had never had an operation for appendicitis even.

## The Usual Way.

Gladys has jilted young Jenkins, yet when they first engaged she used to say he was the star of her existence.

"Does he carry a pistol?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because if he does Gladys had better look out that he doesn't prove to be a shooting star."

## Astute Professor.

"How is Professor Fitterer getting along with his memory school?"

"He's swamped with applicants."

"What's the secret of his success?"

"He collects tuition in advance and teaches his pupils to remember everything but their debts."

## Very Rare.

"This campaign has some unusual features."

"Both candidates claim the victory."

I suppose. Nothing unusual about that."

"No; each admits a possibility that the other may win."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Village Parish Clerk.

A computer was walking up and down the platform waiting for the train that always seemed to be delayed. "This is a terrible road," he said, addressing a prosperous-looking bystander. "I've heard a great many complaints about it," was the reply.

"Yes, went on the computer, "nearly every morning I'm late to business, and when I get home at night the dinner is cold. How do you find it?"

"Oh," returned the other, "I have no kick coming. I'm the president of the road and I always travel to an auto."—Life.

"Either will do," replied the lady.

"They both signify an illusion."

## Heck—In my view, the partnership of marriage is precisely like a partnership in business.

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all questions brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering questions always give the date of the paper, the number of the issue, and the name of the editor addressed to contributors, or, if forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the paper and its signature.

Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910.

## NOTES.

## A MIDDLE-FASHION TOWN MEETING, IN 1888.

BY R. ALYN, LL.D.  
(Continued.)

Then Judge Hinckley rose and said: "There are several young men who have come to their majority during the year, and I move that they now come forward to take the Freeman's Oath, that they may take part in the proceedings."

Another suggested that a committee be appointed to examine into their legal and property qualifications, and still another that the Selectmen might have had this matter prepared and make a report of names. This last proposition was agreed to and the Selectmen at once reported the names of twenty-four—a very unusual number in a town having less than two hundred and fifty voters. Some were to be admitted as eldest sons of property owners, or freeholders, part of whom was I. Objection was made to two, and after a few words one name was withdrawn. The Moderator then rose from his chair; the Selectmen brought us candidates to the front of the platform, for that grandest of civil rights in a self-governing commonwealth, the privilege of voting, or of being legally made a part of the governing body. It was worth something then; when nearly all citizens were American born and when no denouement thought of buying a vote, or influencing another by doctored promises of offices. The Town Clerk read our names and asked the "Mr. Moderator," to administer the usual "Freeman's Oath." This oath and ceremony has I believe been wholly discontinued of late years.

The Moderator, who had several times been chosen to represent the Town in the General Assembly, cleared his throat and said, "was the custom in that old Town addressed us: "Young Gentlemen, you come forward today to be made Freemen or voters in this Town and Commonwealth. You are thus given a privilege and an honor greater than the citizens of any other nation under the blue heaven can enjoy. It is a noble thing to help to govern men and nobler still to govern ourselves. By this act of taking this oath and swearing allegiance to our common country you enter upon honors and assume duties greater than kings or parliaments can confer. It is to me an honor today to remind you of these exalted dignities. See among your number those who bear the names of men who first settled this Town, or others who bore the honors of more than one battle in the Revolution, and the name of another who was with the gallant Hull on the Constitution and of another who stood in defense of his country's honor at that severe fight at Lundy's Lane, and of still another who was with that noblest of our heroes, Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, in the late war with Great Britain."

Not a man bearing any of your names has ever been defendant in a criminal suit in the history of the County. You are all singularly fortunate in your ancestors. May the Town and nation be as fortunate in you. And may you, young men, seek honestly first and honor thereby. You will now raise your right hands to Heaven and take the following oath." "You do solemnly swear faithful service and true allegiance to the Commonwealth of Connecticut and to the government of the United States. So help you Almighty God."

The assembly of citizens was hushed during the address and the oath. Every one seemed to have renewed his love for country and his obedience to law. Then the business really began. Two representatives in the General Assembly were to be chosen and there was a strong rivalry between the Whigs and the Jackson men. The bridge to be repaired was subject to contest, and the new road proposed over Willow Hill was exciting.

(To be Continued.)

## BLOCK ISLAND.

Deacon Enoch Steadman, born November 12, 1836, died suddenly at his home Friday, Sept. 7. His sufferings were from 4 a. m. to three in the afternoon when the end peacefully came. His death brings to the church and the community a severe loss from which it will take years to recover.

Quiet, unassuming, living in the old home of his father and grandfather, tilling the same farm they tilled, in the warmer months of the year going to the same fishing grounds where they had fished, worshipping the same God they worshipped, Enoch Steadman "gulleted" held the tenor of his way."

Mr. Steadman came of fine stock and inherited his fine gifts and sterling qualities. His grandfather, Enoch Steadman, born in S. Kingstown, R. I., served in the Revolutionary War with distinction; for six months was on Gen. Washington's staff and when the war was over received his discharge papers from George Washington's own hand. Later this Enoch of Revolutionary fame became a minister of the gospel and settled on Block Island as pastor of the First Baptist Church. History says he served the church faithfully and well. Two of his sons, Richard and Samuel, became deacons of the same church and were able exponents of the Word of God. Deacon Richard lived to be nearly forty but several years previous to his death, on account of failing health was obliged to retire from active service in the church. It was this his son Enoch, the subject of this sketch, had the office of a deacon conferred upon him.

For the past forty years, a current expression among church goers was "Enoch Steadman ought to have been a minister. He missed his calling." Frequently he most acceptably did supply the pulpit when the pastor was out of town. Congratulations were always given to him.

The parents of several of the boys have complained to the district attorney.

showered upon him but modestly he would reply "I was never called to preach but I was called to pray." His prayers were a mighty force for righteousness. And happy is this generation that has heard Enoch Steadman pray. Deacon Steadman leaves a sister Miss Deborah Steadman, a widow and five children to mourn his loss. He married Anna C. Thorpe, a sister of Dr. Eben Thorpe of Boston, Oct. 10, 1856, for his first wife. A son, Charles, and three daughters, Anna M., Mrs. A. Weston C. Rose, Mary J., Mrs. Ernest Sprague, and Judith A., Mrs. Curtis H. Sprague, were the fruit of this marriage. June 6, 1880, Mr. Steadman married for his second wife Maria widow of Howard C. Scott and daughter of Hon. Luther and Mary C. Dickens. One son Enoch Milton was born by this second marriage.

Mr. Steadman was a charter member of the Neptune Lodge of Odd Fellows. His funeral was from his church which was filled with mourners and friends who came to honor his memory. The pastor, Dr. Horace A. Roberts gave a beautiful eulogy from Daniel 12, 2.

Interment was in the Island Cemetery.

## A Discourse on Hams.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

The story that Congressman Maynard is trying to head off a Richmond man from registering the name "Smithfield Ham" as a trademark, and that in his long protest to the committee of patent at Washington he has cited "the fact" that the secret of curing the Smithfield ham was learned by the early settlers from the Indians, requires investigation. If it be true that the Indians taught the settlers in Virginia to cure hams, where did they get the hams? Were there, as a matter of fact, any hogs in Virginia at that period? Were not the first hogs brought to America by the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower?

Is the hog a native of this country? Beedle, if the Indians taught the early settlers of Virginia how to cure hams, how come that in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, and in Due West, South Carolina, the people were curing hams just as the Smithfield ham is cured in Virginia to-day, with salt, a touch of saltpeter and some black pepper, if you like it? After the hams have been trussed and drowned in brine they are hung up in the smokehouse and dried in the smoke of a slow-burning fire of hickory or ash chips until they fully scream with their luxuriance. We do not believe that there ever was a ham anywhere in the world than the Due West ham of sacred memory, and the Mecklenburg ham was almost equal to it. Out in Tennessee the gourmands (not gourmets, because there are none there) of Nashville, think that they have a ham that is better than anybody's else, but it has been not so very long since they thought that Patterson was the best, governor that ever pardoned a murderer. Were ready to testify that rotten things the politicians of that State is, now to the extent of smelling, the name of Nashville are "seconds," at least in the competition of meats.

The present question, however is: If the Indians taught the early settlers how to cure hams, where did they get the hams? Were there any hogs in Virginia when the Indians were here? That is what we want to know. If there were, how did they get here?

## SAYS CHANLER STILL LOVES CAVALIERI

## But Lawyer Admits That There Is a "Financial Difference"

New York, Sept. 13.—The first admission from an authoritative source that there had been financial differences between Robert W. Chanler and his famous bride, Miss Edna Cavalier, who just at this time are on opposite sides of the ocean, came from Sydney Harris, Chanler's counsel, when he was asked if there had been an ante-nuptial agreement between Chanler and Cavalier.

"There was," replied the attorney, "but I will not say how much money was involved in the agreement. That is a matter that may come out later, but we are hoping that this unpleasant matter may be settled without any litigation.

"Mr. Chanler still loves Miss Cavalier; that is, he still thinks he loves her," said the lawyer. "Aside from this financial difference they are on good terms."

## HUB'S FIRE COMMISSIONER

Daly Gets Position Over Which There Has Been Much Wrangling

Boston, Sept. 16.—Charles D. Daly, the former Harvard and West Point football player, yesterday had his appointment by Mayor Fitzgerald to the position of fire commissioner approved by the civil service commission.

It was another "eleventh hour" ap-

proval of the commission's, the final action upon the appointment not being taken until after it had been held up twenty-eight of the thirty days allowed the commission by law to consider it.

The new fire commissioner will take

the position made vacant by the resignation of Samuel D. Parker at once.

This is the place to which Surveyor

of the Port McCarthy was originally

appointed, only to be turned down

later by the civil service commission.

## SCARRED FOR LIFE

Dye Containing Acid Used on Faces of High School Initiates

York, Pa., Sept. 14.—As an outcome of an initiation of ten young men into the Alpha Debating society of the York high school, a half dozen or more students will be disfigured for life and several of the losers, it is said, will be placed under arrest.

A black oil dye said to contain an acid used to dye tan or light colored

shoes black was applied to the faces

of the young men and they all ap-

peared at their classes with marks

and scars that physicians fear can-

not be removed.

The parents of several of the boys

have complained to the district at-

torney.

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pression among church goers was

"Enoch Steadman ought to have been a minister. He missed his calling."

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